

The Republican.

No. 4, Vol. 2.] LONDON, FRIDAY, FEB. 11, 1820. [PRICE 6D.

TO THE DEMANDERS OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,

The death of a *King* or a *Prince* has very little to do with the object we have in view, therefore I shall not sully these pages by the notice of either, with the adulation of servility or the reproach of scandal. Although these are objects which create a kind of sympathy and consternation, either real or affected, amongst triflers, still the philosophic and philanthropic mind looks down upon them as upon the unimportant passing events of the day. The cause we advocate, the liberty we demand is attainable only by the progressive diffusion of knowledge, and this dear experience teaches us that Princes uniformly oppose. We can only carry this into effect by the dint of mutual perseverance and support. The object of my present address to you is to mark the progress of liberal idea and the efforts that are making by Priests and Princes to check it. A state document which has lately appeared in the public prints, and which carries on its face all the marks of authenticity, fully develops the objects and views of the Holy Alliance. I shall attach the document to this article, as it is a matter worthy of deep and serious consideration. An affected objection was made by our Minister at the Congress to join in this Holy Alliance, on the ground, that it was inconsistent with the principles of the British Constitution; but it since appears that this boasted and empty British Constitution is made of such malleable stuff, that it can be shapen to any Germanic Alliance that can be devised. That the object of this Holy Alliance is to obtain and perpetuate an absolute sway, both over our bodies and minds, is now beyond doubt. Therefore it now becomes a duty on our part strenuously and individually to adopt such means as shall tend to counteract it. The Press is its most formidable enemy, and these holy allies have first laid their hands on this, and are now congratulating themselves at the late acts of the British Parliament. But if we take a view

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of the emanation and progress of liberal ideas, and free thought and action; and examine the basis on which it now stands, we may smile with contempt at the efforts of half a dozen mad despots, although each of them might have a hundred thousand armed men at his command to enforce his decrees for the moment. The easy mode of education and of obtaining and disseminating intellectual knowledge in consequence of the invention of printing, is producing a rapid and astonishing change both in the moral and physical character of man; its progress amongst the labouring classes, who formerly were nothing superior to the brute creation, is every day becoming more visible. Four centuries have not yet elapsed since the invention of printing, and in no country in Europe has a free and unrestricted press yet existed; yet it has produced, with all its shackles, a manifest and irrevocable change in society. The will and edicts of tyrants are now printed and laughed at, and every despot finds it necessary to corrupt a great portion of the press of the country in which he dwells, to preserve his existence. They are now compelled to purchase that base adulation, which a great portion of the daily and other periodical part of the press abounds in, with caresses and gold. This in a great measure unarms the despot and renders him less destructive than formerly; he is now compelled to put on a hollow and false outside, that his adulators may find some apparent excuse for his inhumanities. In fact his whole despotic career is now necessarily performed by a sort of agency, to hide its hideous features and screen the real actor.

Each succeeding revolution in a nation contributes to the general stock of moral and political knowledge of Europe and America. The United States of America have well secured their revolution on the basis of a free and representative system: in fact, they display a conviction of security almost amounting to carelessness. France now enjoys the internal benefit of her revolution, and seems sufficiently enlightened to deter any attempt to reimpose the old system upon her. Her present rulers find it necessary daily to concede something anew to meet the spirit of the nation. She now presents to a reflecting mind an astonishing change to what she was forty years since, and shews, although at present apparently humbled, the glorious effects of a resistance to tyranny. Spain begins to shew a disposition to amend her condition, and that disposition displays itself in the right quarter: it can scarcely be expected that her present attempt

will succeed, but she will try it again and again. A revolt against tyranny is an act that will at all times stand applauded and justified on the records of human society. Society like the human mind and body has a continual tendency to corruption, unless it be placed on a self-renovating basis. The mind of man can only be renovated by the study of moral virtue; society must be governed by laws changeable with its various orders, arising from a periodically renewed representation of the whole body. Nothing but a revolution can remove a deep-rooted corruption; hence revolutions are much to be desired when necessary. The dread and fear of a revolution will pass away by the time we have experienced a few more of them, and each succeeding one will display to a greater extent its utility, and be effected with less bloodshed. Let a few years pass on, and the voice of the majority shall be found sufficient to effect it without force; but not until they have been repeated. Despotism and knowledge are struggling hard with each other, and approaching their two extremes. The most cautious and wary steps are found necessary by both, but most fortunately the increase of the latter has the tendency of unmasking the former howsoever disguised. The robe of scanty and affected moderation is daily stripped from the despot, and although he is not so destructive as formerly, he is rendered more hideous by being better known. I have no fear of the result of the contest, it may be long, it may be desperate, but certain as to its good effect. There is more than one of the present Administration of England that have a taste for bringing back this country to the feudal system. Their constant aim and study is to break the spirit of our labouring classes, by reducing them to servility through want and starvation. They vainly imagine that they were born to rule, and nothing but fatal experience will convince them of the contrary. He who can take a view of the rise and progress of political knowledge in this country, will content himself with the assurance that the day is not far distant when its people shall be fully emancipated. The United Parliament, in its present state, might enact laws, but the People will study rather to evade than to comply with them. Literature and knowledge on all subjects may now be considered exciseable articles throughout Europe, and the poor obtain but little more than might be said to be smuggled among them by word of mouth. The indolent and lazy read and tremble, lest the discoveries they daily make should extend among the poorer classes. The boldest warrior is now

more alarmed at paper shot than those of lead. The prostituted portion of the Press is become the basis of all European governments, and war is declared against the portion that dares to be honest. It will be a most desirable time when we shall lay aside all destructive weapons and appeal to nothing but the pen, but before this occurs we must expect the despot will again try the effect of the sword. Humanity appears a farce to the mind of the despot, and his glory increases in proportion to the number of his species he destroys, and the havock he scatters amidst their habitations. He thirsteth after blood as the hart pants after the waterbrook. He never says. "it is enough," whilst their remains an obstacle to his purpose. The clanking of the chains I now hear from the prisoners proceeding to chapel, argues nothing but the degraded state of this country. The Game Laws, the Excise Laws, and the pernicious legislation between debtor and creditor, cruelly fill all our gaols with human beings, who in other conditions would become honest and useful members of society. Three-fourths of the prisoners in this gaol are confined in consequence of the above laws, and after a few years of idleness in such a situation, every useful habit is destroyed, they become abominably servile, and serve only to corrupt each other and all new comers.

Our pious judges will sentence a poor fellow who lays a trap for a hare to two years imprisonment, with all the gravity imaginable, and applaud those who enact such *wholesome* laws. At the same time they partake so decisively of the factions of the day, as to palliate a case of wilful murder, and to protect the murderers, provided he be of their party. No enquiry has yet been instituted into the murders that were committed in Manchester, in August last; but we find that the abettors and instigators have found their reward, and that too in the Christian Church! Their cup of iniquity is fast filling and near the brim.

The perishing thousands and the increasing distress of this country begins to be seen and felt by those who but a short time since derided every complaint of the kind. It must go on: nothing in the present rulers with the present system can have the slightest tendency to check it. A change of Kings or a change of Administration cannot check it. It is the debt of the Government that renders the taxation intolerable, and whilst it continues a *promise to pay* there can be no possible amelioration in the condition of the people. To

petition is become frivolous and degrading, and to meet for the purpose dangerous. To complain is sedition, and to say this state of things is not the visitation of God, is blasphemy: therefore those who have neither labour nor food must perish quietly and be thankful, and those who have a little of either must be contented: for the slightest murmur is now construed to be "against the peace of our Lord the King," and dissatisfaction a rebellion against the will and dictates of Heaven. To doubt this is impiety; and obstinate doubt, however virtuous, is punishable blasphemy. This state of things is decreed to continue until resistance to it shall be found practicable, and whenever practicable, it shall be decreed to be just.

There is but one general benefit arising from this distress, and that consists in the grand lesson it teaches as to its cause; this could not be desirable was there not a hope that it would lead to ultimate good, or to the destruction of the cause of such unparalleled misery. There is a proverb "that hunger will beat down stone wall," but it is found impracticable when those walls are surrounded with bayonets and weapons that will feed you with lead or iron. This proverb must have been used when and where guns and bayonets were not in use. I have heard the military stiled "Famine Guards," and I do not know a more appropriate epithet for them. For the greater the distress, and the greater the danger to those who employ the military, they are sure to be better fed and paid, and their favour and protection courted until they feel a sense of importance.

The powerful effect of the press displayed itself very strongly during the contest between Charles and his Parliament. It was then for the first time that its influence and the value of its liberty began to be felt. It was then that the Star Chamber carried its malignity and inquisitorial character to such an extent, as to occasion its own abolition. Libels on the government were scarcely known, or heard of, prior to the time of the Stuarts. The Court of King's Bench, in the present day, is striving to outstrip the character of the Star Chamber. Any charge of libel against the church or the government, or any person connected with them, is sure to find in the Judges of the Court of King's Bench a strong and powerful advocate. For such is the common weakness of human nature, that if a man, half inclined to be honest finds his way on the Jury, he is swayed by the gravity and the self-assurance of the wig and robe on the bench. Mr.

Scarlett knows well, that nothing tickles the fancy of the Chief Justice so much, as a sarcasm upon some of the political characters of the day. It was during this contest between Charles and his Parliament, that the powerful influence of political pamphlets was first felt. And like all contested elections, the opposing parties gave their supporters the utmost licence to falsify or calumniate. During the conflict, every press ranged itself on the side of the party, and exercised its liberty to the greatest extent. It was here that the famous John Lilburne shone so conspicuously by his pamphlet writing, as well as by his steady adherence to true liberty, in opposition to Cromwell, as well as to Charles. He first fought in the ranks of the parliamentary army as colonel, was taken prisoner, and tried at Oxford, by Charles' party for high-treason; he acquitted himself of the charge, and after the beheading of Charles, he shewed himself the firm opponent of the usurpation of Cromwell. He was imprisoned and dreadfully mangled in consequence of his pamphlet writing, he was again tried for high-treason under Cromwell, and defended and acquitted himself in the most admirable manner: he finally obtained a reversal of all the judgments against him for libel, and triumphed in the satisfaction of having been conspicuously useful to his country. He has been justly esteemed one of the worthies of England. The expulsion of James from the country was so suddenly private, that there happened no contest with pamphlets at that time. The advocates of the revolution could not write whilst James had power, and the advocates of James could not espouse his cause openly after his expulsion. Might always overpowers right on all those occasions, and justice is left out of the question. It was necessary, after this expulsion, and the usurpation of William, that one person should defend the rights of the people to depose a sovereign. Many excellent pamphlets appeared on this subject. But unfortunately, the people had nothing to do with the expulsion of James, or with the appointment of the Dutchman. If a national convention had been summoned for the purpose, it would have been quite a different thing, and I much doubt whether William would have suited their taste under those circumstances. The accession of William the Dutchman to the throne of England was as much a usurpation as that of William the Norman, the only difference was, that one fought a battle for it, and the other had nothing to fight with. The people have always been stung enough on those occa-

sions as to sit quietly down under any thing that a few bold and daring individuals have been inclined to impose on them.

The revolution in the American Colonies again displayed the powerful advantages of a printing-press, and an able writer. Nature would not have recorded the American Colonies to have remained in that state of bondage for many years: but it must be admitted, that Pain accelerated the independence of the United States, and saved a great deal of blood-shed, and prevented a protracted civil war, which of all things is the most horrible. The pen is a silent weapon, but much more effectual than the sword. It is the stimulus that forms the mind to action, without which, the sword ought as well be of wood as of steel. I speak not of individuals, but of a nation or people. The writings of a few friends to the happiness of mankind, assisted by a connection with the American Revolution, roused the latent spark of liberty in the bosom of the then degraded and oppressed French nation, and effected prodigies of valour. The contagion has reached almost every country in Europe, for those things are contagious, and every monarch finds it necessary to prop his throne with bayonets and the most corrupt practices. They tremble at the popular feeling, and can only move about by stealth. The public writer, now a day, displays more of the authority and independence of the monarch than the monarch himself. He is equally courted and caressed by the monarch, the courtier, and the people. Monarchy is evidently a falling profession. It no longer dazzles nor deceives. It is hated, and begins to hate itself.

At present there is a strange conflict among mankind; it might almost be called an anomaly in human nature. The arts and sciences are making a rapid progress; literature is hourly spreading far and wide; liberty does not recede, although every petty tyrant lifts his hand against it; corruption grows more bold as it is more exposed, until it feels no shame in an open avowal: every character and party is fast approaching its extreme, and will shortly overstep its boundary, and all again amalgamate on the firm basis of universal civil and religious liberty. This is the only consummation devoutly to be wished: this the grand *desideratum*.

Dorchester Gaol,

R. CARLILE.

Feb. 6, 1820.

MOST IMPORTANT DOCUMENT.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

THERE appeared in *The British Monitor* the following most curious document. We had doubts as to its authenticity, as we thought it almost impossible that any foreign Cabinet could have the audacity to send instructions to a Minister resident at the Court of London, so insulting to the government and the people of the country; but the letter of the Prince de Metternich, which we translated from *The Gazette de France*, a Royalist Journal, seems to countenance the reality of the following paper.—The letter of M. D. Metternich is as follows:—

Frankfort, Dec. 28.

Our labours will be crowned with entire success, and Europe will find in them a new guarantee for its tranquillity. The decrees of the Diet of the 20th September are now in operation throughout all Germany, and their favourable effects begin already to be felt. The agitation has sensibly diminished; the revolutionists are checked, several of them have even sought for refuge in foreign countries; the loyal party again raises its head, and is enlarged by the accession of honest weak men, who, until now, had not ventured to declare themselves. The first retrograde movement against revolutionary principles has been fortunately and powerfully supported by the energetic measures of the British Parliament; and if the French Government have the wisdom to avail itself of these favourable conjectures, to adopt a course more monarchical, nothing can hereafter impede the complete triumph of the cause of the friends of order, at a time when of all others, the intimate union existing amongst the great powers renders all political complication impossible.

This circular is authentic.—*Gazette de France*.

Copy of a Dispatch from the Prime Minister, ———, to the Ambassador of ———, at the Court of St. James's. ———, September 13, 1819,

By the command of his Majesty, our most gracious Sovereign, I transmit to your Excellency the following *confidential* communication, the substance of which you can from time to time, and as occasion may require, state to the English Secretary of State for Foreign Relations, as it is not intended that this communication should be entered on the Protocol of the Embassy.

The present agitated state of the public mind in every European State may, and must be attributed to that portion of liberty which has existed in England only for the last century. But for that, the European Continent would, before the French Revolution, and since the restoration of the Bourbons, have contained one grand and united family. Witnessing its superior civilization and prosperity, the inhabitants of the Continent would then have striven to obtain, either a sort of social compact, or a political adoption. The slaughter of generations, and the devastation of nations would then have been unknown. A slight chastisement would then have been sufficient to intimidate the refractory and to correct the disobedient. But when rebellion was publicly preached up as a virtue in both Chambers of the British Parliament, as was the case during the Revolutions of America and France, it was not so easy a task to punish anarchists. Had it not been for those precedents, fear of God and obedience to the King would have been the theme of all nations. But when men begin to canvass the adoration of their heavenly Creator, they will not long hesitate to assail the prerogatives of their earthly Sovereigns. Rebellion is the twin brother of impiety.—Anarchy and Atheism are their common offspring. The English Wickliff had the sacrilegious audacity to propose innovations in religion, long before the Bohemian Huss and the Saxon Luther proclaimed themselves heretics. The latter would not have dared to stir, had not England already distributed its poison among the Germans; they merely took advantage of a contagion, suffered to become popular by the ignorance and vices of the Clergy, and by the apathy and bad policy of Governments. Since this time, in particular, England has never been quiet within herself, and has never ceased to disturb the tranquillity of all other States. As might have been foreseen, the success of the religious innovations encouraged the attempt of political incendiaries. The Continent was at that time already inundated with the phemous and perverse reveries of English anti-Christians and anti-Monarchists. They sapped the very foundations of social order. To prove their utter contempt for all institutions, divine and political, they opened their temples to the most ignorant and vicious of fanatics, and demagogues delivered the most virtuous of their Kings into the hands of the most ferocious regicides. How many millions of Europeans have not bled, because the English had with impunity braved their God and butchered their Monarch,

and even in a few years banished another, or what they called, in the jargon of the day, cashiered him for misconduct. But for these wicked perpetrations, Louis XVI. might still reign. In fact, if the infernal assassins of that unhappy martyred Monarch were debased Frenchmen, they were tutored by English sophistry: they have been misled by the examples, or seduced by the gold of the English factions. Is it not England alone which at this moment distracts Europe? There lies the cancer which will destroy the Continent, unless the knife is applied to the gangrened part. England has combated with honour and with loyalty to annihilate Continental Jacobinism; but England herself contains the most noxious of the Jacobinical lava, which threatens the annihilation of every social State of the Continent. England was powerful abroad, but at home she is too weak to dare to be just. It cannot therefore be longer doubted that the Continent must continue to be disturbed until some changes are made in the British Constitution, with respect to the liberty of the Press (the dangers of which are to ably exposed in the recent publication of M. Von Gentz), and the liberty of Members of Parliament indulging themselves in bitter sarcasms against every Continental Sovereign. In fine, the British Constitution must, for the sake of the general tranquillity of Europe, be reformed in a manner more congenial with the spirit of the Continental Governments, which at present secure the dignity and the power of Sovereigns, and the obedience and safety of the subjects of the Continent; and unless this be done, all our efforts on the Continent to act in conformity to the spirit of the *Holy Alliance* will be unavailing: as it is there where every *boutte feu* of the Continent will be able to seek refuge, to obtain protection from the factions, and promulgate his dangerous dogmas with impunity, and without restraint. When the plague is at Dover, the infection soon extends itself to the Continent.

Treaties, contracts, and alliances, bound nations to destroy Jacobinism in France. The Treaty of Chaumont, concluded in 1814, strengthened the bonds which united more closely the legitimate Sovereigns against fraud, violence, and usurpation. What if all those nations were to say to England, change your Constitution, or a solemn decree of every European Power will repudiate you for ever from the great family of the European Commonwealth, and put you under ban; England is a commercial nation, and is not independent of the Continent. This may appear severe towards her, con-

sidering the obligations which the Continent owes to that Power, but it would be an act of humanity with regard to all nations upon the globe, not excluding Britain herself. This fact may be proved without any difficulty, or the possibility of a contradiction. If Englishmen were made of those materials that compose all other people, it would require little knowledge of the human mind to foretel the most flattering issue, without resorting to extremities; but they differ totally from the rest of the human species.

Who can deny that a — King, according to the organized constitutional anarchy of his kingdom, is now the most humble of slaves? When the Monarch is not free, how dare his subjects talk of liberty? The truth is, that the bondage of Englishmen becomes heavier as it ascends; it emanates from the lowest of the rabble, a set of petty tyrants, ignorant and brutal, corrupt and oppressive.

Is that Monarch not a slave, who is deprived of selecting his own Counsellors and Servants? Who, during a reign of more than half a century has had, among scores of Ministers, not six he liked or esteemed. Are the fetters of a Royal Parent light, who during months was forced to see and hear a beloved son the butt of the malignant passions, of the most malignant and debased of men? Do those Ministers deserve the name of freemen, who are obliged to be undutiful and ungrateful to the Prince who has elevated them, to flatter a licentious mob that despise and insult them? What must we think of the heads or hearts of sworn Royal Counsellors, who dare not save the bosom of their Prince from torture, and the character of his child from unjust ignominy, though they must know that the tormentors are the most profligate of villains, and the most unprincipled of conspirators.* Can any decency or any loyalty be supposed to exist among the citizens of the first city of the British Empire, who not only join the wild fiends of their Sovereign every where, but encourage the senseless pratings of insolent and ignorant shop-keepers, never opening their mouths but to babble impertinence—but to bawl out treason? You see now what has been passing at the Meetings of these conspirators! Did the aristocracy of a single county endeavour to check their audacity? Did not, on the contrary, every county emulate in this race of *Demagogie* which should be foremost to countenance dis-

* All this alludes, I imagine, to the intrigues of Wardle and Co. against the Duke of York.—*Editor of British Mercury.*

affection which they call Reform? Is it not evident, even to the most superficial observer, that either sound morality or rational liberty must be wanting in the British Nation? If it would be uncharitable to suppose the former, it would also be ridiculous not to see the total absence of the latter.

In Great Britain, faction meddles with every thing, and every body; even the King is compelled to be factious, in self-defence—for self-preservation. Have not, however, both in ancient and modern times, both in Greece and France, both in Rome and in England—have not the factious always, always been the most oppressive of despots? Have not the factious always, and every where, been the companions of licentiousness, and the assassins of freedom? Have not the factious at all times been the most intolerant, daring, unjust, and incorrigible? To judge of the scandalous proceedings now passing in Britain, which an indignant Continent have lamented of late, little hope remains that the factious would there desist from their nefarious deeds, were even France (as she might easily do) to produce damning evidence (for centuries past, to the downfall of the late Imperial Government) of every chief of faction, of every usurper of the name of Patriot, and of every candidate for popularity in Great Britain, having either fixed his price to, or intrigued with the enemies of his country—either accepted bribes or received instructions from rival or inimical Cabinets. Though the majority might be convinced, a desperate minority would command.—In England, as has been the case in France during the Revolution, and at present, factions could not have been and never can be mended; they must be extirpated. Some few persons ambitious, or bankrupts in character and fortune, will always, under the existence of the actual Constitution of a Royal Democracy, find opportunities to mislead the ignorant, and to head the needy and the disaffected, in committing excesses dangerous to the peace of Europe, by contagious examples. In short, it belongs to history to recapitulate the many acts of daring spirit of British factions, and of their influence on the internal and external policy of Great Britain, more especially during the wars of the American and French Revolutions.

In all the branches of the constitutional establishments of Great Britain, factions sway an anarchical sceptre, confounding, deranging, and invading all order. Do we not see mountebanks travelling about the country, exciting the lower orders to rebellion? Have we not seen a Captain in

the British Navy (Lord C——) cruizing near England, drag his Commanding Officer before a Court Martial? Is it not notorious, that British Officers who served in India seduced the soldiers to mutiny? Nay, has not this been done in the very Senate of Britain, by the so called Patriotic Members, who, under the mask of commiserating the condition of the soldier, held out language which excited him to mutiny? Is not the licentiousness of the British Press the model for licentious German and French writers?

In 1809, when Prince ——— was still Ambassador at the British Court, the Proprietors of a London Theatre augmented the prices of admission, Englishmen, like the Romans of sanguinary memory, do not miss such a propitious opportunity to create new factions. The most disgusting scenes, the effects of the most shameful licentiousness, transformed the Theatre into a field of battle for boxers and bruisers, for prostitutes and pickpockets.

Now, indeed, British anarchy exhibits itself in all its dreadful glory. Faction combats faction. Lives are lost wherever the demagogues meet; and when the civil and military authorities are called in to quell rebellion, they are called the murderers of the people?

All these machinations have their influence on the demagogues of the Continent, as it is well known that their ramifications are pretty general in all Europe: a species of propaganda exists among the political incendiaries of England—of France—of Germany—of Italy—of Spain—and even of South America. What, indeed, can be more disgraceful than to see equipments made, and troops levied, to assist distant provinces, in a state of rebellion to the Mother Country, a state in alliance with England? No Proclamation of the British Government, no Order of Council, which prohibited such nefarious acts, had any effect upon those political incendiaries, who are ready to take up arms against every legitimate Government.

Since the wisdom of most of the Continental Sovereigns has thought proper to adopt measures to extirpate sedition and the seditious, it behoves the British Cabinet to do the same. The above remarks, as I have already stated, are entirely confidential.

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To ———,
Ambassador at the Court of St. James's.
Or, in his absence, to M. ———, the Charge d'Affairs.

A HIGH COMPLIMENT TO MAJESTY.

AMIDST the strange mass of virtue, integrity, ability, and even genius just discovered to have been inherited by his late Majesty, we felt no small degree of surprize in reading, in the same papers which have been filled with adulations of the most extravagant kind, the following passage: "We have it on the very best authority, that the celebrated anatomist. Dr. William Hunter, always said that the king would be deranged, and would die so, from the shape of his head." The animal faculty clearly predominated over the intellectual, to an unusual degree; and it is to this cause, united with the great and exemplary temperance with which he took care of the former, that we are to attribute his not being worn out by those repeated mental attacks, the latter of which lasted for nine years in his old age." We presume that the Editors of the "respectable part of the press," considered something of this kind necessary, to show the public the validity of their adulations, and that they were only *joking* when they described his Majesty as an eminent architect, astronomer, botanist, agriculturist, &c. &c. In one day's paper they describe his Majesty to be so very temperate as to live almost on fruit; in the next, we are told that his appetite was so extraordinary for animal food, that his physicians were obliged to medicate it for the purpose of digestion. Again we are told that his Majesty, like the late Queen, was charitable almost to a fault; and a person shut up in a prison might draw an inference and imagine that every belly in the country was filled, every back well covered, and every house and habitation well furnished.

At the death of George the Second, the celebrated Dr. Chandler straining every nerve to finish a high panegyric in his first sermon, compared him to David, and said he was a man after God's own heart. An arch wag, professing much loyalty, affected to take umbrage at this saying of Dr. Chandler, and expressed his resentment at the comparison, by producing a candid review of the rapes, murders, whoredoms, and massacres of that scoundrel, in a small pamphlet entitled "*The Life of David, or a Man after God's own Heart.*" The Doctor was shocked at the picture, and immediately announced his intention of answering it: this he took twelve months to do, and brought out a pamphlet four times as large as that he answered, abounding with Latin,

Greek, and Hebrew notes; whilst the author of "The Life of David" had simply confined himself to the relation of the Old Testament with his own remarks. However this pamphlet of the Doctor's was replied to, in another brief and pointed pamphlet, and the Doctor fairly beaten out of the field. Those two little pamphlets will shortly appear in "The DEIST," under the title of the First and Second Part of "The Life of David." If it is agreeable to the "*Society for the Suppression of Vice*:" for it lashes the vices of king David in a very becoming and exemplary manner. There is much doubt who was the author of those two pamphlets; they have been attributed to Peter Anet, to Mallet who edited Lord Bolingbroke's works, to a Scotchman by the name of Adams, and to a variety of different persons. Being quite anonymous in the first place, it is in nowise satisfactory at present who was the real author. They contain as pretty a specimen of writing as any in the English language. We are not aware that the pamphlets have ever been prosecuted: but the first pamphlet was published by Williams, the publisher of the *Age of Reason*, and a neat little copy was printed and circulated privately in 1818, the remains of which edition were publicly sold at the Temple of Reason, in Fleet Street, last summer. The second part is very scarce and difficult to be met with at present. But a little while and then ****

THE EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

All future Communications for the Republican are requested to be addressed to the Editor, at 55, Fleet Street.

To "*REUBEN VERITAS*" we beg leave to say, that our object is not a sectarian dispute, nor to exhibit the folly, bigotry, and inconsistency of their disputes, but to question the truth of the basis of all their doctrines as the best method to create union amongst them. We thank him for his observations, and no doubt good intentions.

The Editor hopes the Republican will be lent to read, as much as possible, among those who cannot afford to purchase it. The Rotten-Boroughmongers have fixed the price of it. It would be advisable for small parties to take it in amongst them, and form a joint library where they could resort for instruction and recreation in preference to the ale-house. The best of ale-house politics are contemptible, and expose the party to the malignity of his opposing neighbours. Much more information would be gained by forming small reading societies, and each individual making his comments on whatever is read or introduced into the society. A few societies of this nature have existed in London for some years, and are extremely useful when they meet for information, instead of intoxicating liquors. The man who after his working hours finds the means to sit in an ale-house and spend his sixpence or his shilling every evening, too often to the distress of himself and family, would make a much more respectable figure through life, to spend his evenings and his weekly sixpence in one of those reading societies. He would find it lighten the burthen of labour by procuring him agreeable reflections. He would every evening return to his family both sober and satisfied, and share with them the frugal meal with more real delight than is found in the palaces of luxury and riot.

FURTHER PROOFS OF THE WILY AND SUBTLE CHARACTER OF CHIEF JUSTICE ABBOTT.

On Saturday last Mr. Hobhouse was brought up from Newgate to the court of King's Bench, by writ of *Habeas Corpus*, to show cause that he was unjustly and illegally confined. After waiting in the court from half past nine till half past two o'clock, the Chief Justice called for Mr. Evans, who had moved for the writ, when Mr. Hobhouse rose, and the keeper of Newgate having returned his writ in the usual form, Chief Justice Abbott observed, "Then Mr. Evans does not appear for this gentleman?"

Mr. Hobhouse.—"No, my lord, it is my purpose to argue this case myself; but as it is now a very late time of day, and as I labour under indisposition, which will not enable me to go through my case, I humbly move and request that your lordship will now allow the return to be filed, and to order that this case may be argued on Monday, or any other day that your lordship may please to appoint."

The Chief Justice.—"What are the points that you propose to argue?"

Mr. Hobhouse was here taken in the same trap that the Editor of this work found himself on his trial. The Chief Justice having drawn from him the points he meant to argue, thought it prudent to dispense with the argument, by anticipating that it would avail nothing. Mr. Hobhouse endeavoured to extricate himself from this dilemma, but to no purpose. The court did not want to hear whether his committal was right or wrong, and ordered him to be remanded, and that his having obtained a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, should be no precedent for another.—Thus has Mr. Hobhouse met a second disappointment.

In all those instances the political servility of our Judges manifests itself in colours rather too glaring to be decent.—During the trial of the Editor, the Chief Justice on the second day refused to adjourn the court, although he saw him quite exhausted, until he had drawn out of the Editor the object of his having subpoenaed so many witnesses. He well knew that the Astronomer-Royal must have exposed the fallacy of every astronomical observation in the book called the Bible. He knew that the Archbishop of Canterbury must have asserted that the Liturgy of the Church, with its thirty-nine Articles, was the ground-work of Christianity.

and a belief in it essential to salvation. He knew that this Liturgy and those Articles, were in direct opposition to a late Act of the legislature. He knew that each of the different sectarians would have given a different description of what Christianity consisted in, and that each of them would have expressed his own belief as essential to salvation. He knew also that there were ready a great number of the most eminent tradesmen in London, who would have expressed their belief of the truth of the book in question, that they would not hesitate to put it in the hands of their children; and that among the great number of persons they were in the habit of employing, they knew they had many Deists, and that they found them generally more steady and faithful than others. Yet all this evidence was got rid of, because the Court forsooth could hear nothing as matter of opinion. What is a trial for libel, but a trial of a matter of opinion? Why are scientific men called on in matters of disputation about the right of patents? Did not Chief Justice Abbott receive matters of opinion as evidence in a case of this kind at the last Summer Assizes at Warwick, where a patent was said to be infringed, where a Mr. Shaw, of London, was the patentee and plaintiff, and a verdict was given against the plaintiff, because several mechanical and scientific men gave it as their opinion, that the common atmosphere and various other incidental effects would chrystalize tin plates, and all that art could do in addition was but to variegate in figure and colour? Judges have pretty well convinced us of late that they are dependent and fallible, and decidedly partial in political cases.

Mr. Hunt too, met with a similar rebuff on applying for a writ of *certiorari* to remove his trial, on a charge of conspiracy, out of Lancashire into Yorkshire. On the former application by a Barrister, Mr. Justice Bailey observed, that if the object was an unbiassed and independent Jury, they could not be found better than in Lancashire. But when Mr. Hunt, on Saturday last, pressed the motion himself, he was got rid of on the the ground of all the parties not being acquainted, and having concurred in the motion; whilst it was notoriously known that one of them was debarred of all intercourse with the public, by being confined on some pretended charge of high treason.—Partial Judges?

But to return to Mr. Hobhouse, we have much doubt whether this gentleman is really the author of the pamphlet

for which he has been so rashly and unwarrantably arrested and imprisoned. The internal evidence of the pamphlet against it are very strong. The author is evidently the same as wrote the "Defence of the People" in an answer to Lord Erskine's "Defence of the Whigs." In both pamphlets, he mentions, that he was one of those who harnessed himself on to Lord Erskine's carriage when he was drawn from the Old Bailey during the trial of Thomas Hardy, Mr. Hobhouse must have been an infant at that time. He quotes a classical author, and says, "Since I was harnessed to your carriage, I have looked into those two languages," meaning, the Latin and Greek. We have neither of the pamphlets by us at present, but are positive as to this object. Besides which, we have a strong presentiment of the real author having been favoured with a copy of this supposed libellous pamphlet as soon as it was published, addressed in the usual way, in a hand writing which we well know. Those who have read any of the productions of Mr. Hobhouse's, will find the stile quite different. He displays the flowing style of youth and ardour: all the volubility of his stile of speech is visible in his writings. He is the reputed author of that Letter which stung the Right Honourable George Canning so much, and which ended with that celebrated motto, "*Idem trescenti juravimus*," which would have better applied as *Idem trescenti conjuravimus*, or three hundred of us was sworn the same together. However, we see sufficient evidence in the pamphlet in question to satisfy us that Mr. Hobhouse is not the sole author: he might have seen it in manuscript, suggested an idea, or proposed an alteration, but never wrote the whole, although they are the work of an able pen. It is more than probable that Mr. Ellice might have gone further than his instructions in mentioning Mr. Hobhouse as the author. No doubt without any intention or expectation of Mr. Hobhouse being committed to Newgate without a hearing at the Bar of the House, could act on the assertion of one of its members: it is a species of evidence that would not be considered valid in any other case or Court of Indicture. If the third estate of the realm be not like the first, incapable of doing wrong, we think that Mr. Hobhouse has just grounds for damages against the Speaker, for all imprisonment. He has no where publicly admitted that he is the author of the pamphlet, and yet he is represented on the warrant as having acknowledged himself the author.

We presume that it is far beneath the notice of Mr. Hobhouse to petition this offended House of Commons, and therefore he must bear this unprecedented and unjust imprisonment until the dissolution or prorogation of that body. Time, the restorer and renovator of all things, will clear up this doubtful matter: we hope to possess the pamphlet in a few days, and to point out stronger evidences than those mentioned, that Mr. Hobhouse is not the author. There is nothing in it that any honest man might be ashamed of; it is only to be regretted, that if Mr. Hobhouse is the author, that he is not in that House as a member; if he has the courage to tell them the same as the pamphlet tells them. It is a few such men as are now required. To make the House bring itself into contempt, and to banish itself would be very desirable. We had better have none than such as it. An absolute monarchy is much to be preferred to the present system of government: it would never venture to oppress in the manner that this mode of legislation oppresses, where there are so many thousands of hungry dependants to be provided for out of the poor man's labour. All the mischief is now carried on behind the curtain, we do not know who are the advisers, or who are the actors, yet we feel all the misery without even hope of relief.

THE EDITOR.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR MR. CARLILE.

Received by Mr. Davison.

	<i>L</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
An Enemy to Persecution	5	0	0
Robert Smith, Holborn Hill	0	1	0
Mr. Bartlet	0	1	0
Mr. Iron	0	0	1
Mr. Ward	0	0	1
W. Tunbridge	0	1	0
Norvell	0	0	6
H. B. R.	0	5	0
George Armstrong	0	2	6
J. P.	0	2	6
William and Thomas Mussorn, friends to Civil and Religious liberty, and believers in one God only, No. 1, Grubb Street, Finsbury.	0	5	0
A Man with stick	0	0	6
A Friend to Liberty	0	1	0

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5-19-2

Mr. Brown	0	0	2
Mr. Catlin	0	0	2
Draper's Place	0	1	0
Norvell	0	0	3
Mary Campbell	0	2	6
A Friend to Truth and a Priest-hater	0	5	0
A Friend to Deism, and may Thousands flock to the Standard	0	2	0
J. Hovey, Globe Fields, Bethnal Green	0	1	0
Mrs. Vaughan, Elizabeth Street, Hackney Road	0	1	0
Thomas Buckeridge	0	1	0
Smith, an Enemy to Religious Persecution	0	2	6
Benjamin Jones, 17, Nelson Street, Borough	0	2	6
Mr. Norvell	0	0	3
A Female Reasoner 7d. week	0	1	9
Mr. Shearingham, Rose Alley, Bishopsgate	0	0	6
A Female Reasoner	0	0	6
Draper's Place	0	0	4
James Tubb	0	1	0
James Power	0	1	0
Mr. Brown, Doctor's Common's	0	0	10
Mr. Dayns, Webber Row, Blackfriars Road	0	0	0
The Weekly Pence of a few Friends to Civil and Religious Liberty, to be continued monthly	0	4	6
A Man, per Mr. Griffin, Holborn Hill	0	2	6
James Wilson, Paddington	0	0	3
A Female Reasoner	0	0	7
James Wilson	0	0	2
Mrs. Burnham	0	1	6
A Female Reasoner	0	0	7
William Attersley	0	3	6
A Female Reasoner	0	0	7
A Friend	0	1	0
A Female Reasoner	0	0	7
Draper's Place	0	1	0
Mr. Snape and Friends, No. 5, George Yard Islington	0	1	7
Second Payment of the Weekly Pence of a few Friends to Civil and Religious Liberty, P. Christie, collector, to be continued monthly	0	9	5
A Female Reasoner	0	1	2
Draper's Place	0	0	6
A Female Reasoner	0	0	7

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TO THE ADVOCATES OF PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

THE only advantage that a change in the Monarchy will produce at this moment, will be, that some of those parliamentary gentlemen who have given their support to the late month's legislation, will have to tell their tale and make their excuse to their constituents (those who have any) much sooner than they expected. I perceive the papers begin to be filled with some humble professions already, and within six months it is probable a general election will take place. Although it is not possible that the present state of the representation can ever effect a change in itself, yet it is much to be desired that a few men, different to any thing in the House of Commons (so called) at present, should be returned in this next election. The benefits and advantages to be gained by it are these:—A few bold men, although there would not be the slightest chance of their ever carrying a question, would be a most severe annoyance to this borough system of legislation. If they were "bold enough to be honest, and honest enough to be bold," as Paine says, they would occupy half a session in bringing forward and discussing the most important questions, and greatly impede the present sudden and injuriously-systematic mode of legislation. I have said often that at present there is not a man in the house that dares to be honest: the leaders are entirely composed of the Ins and Outs, or the Whig and Tory factions; and the country will gain as much by keeping in the present, as by obtaining a Whig administration. The men that are wanted to hold up that house in its proper light, are men that can stand the frown of the Tory and the sneer of the Whig: men that will suffer no business to proceed, until they have been fully heard on every question they might find necessary to start. A just exposition of that House is the only thing necessary to bring it into contempt. It is still in the power of a few boroughs and cities to return such men, and it is high time that they laid aside all sinister views, and really put their shoulders to the wheel. It may not be prudent or necessary, here to particularize individuals or places, but it is of real concern to those who have the means of effecting either one or the other. It would almost require Stentorian lungs and the most daring attitude, to effect in that House what I have pointed out as necessary, yet such men are to be found, and the fault in not returning them will lay with the electors who have the means.

The men that would be essentially useful in the present state of the House of Commons, are not exactly those that would be most desirable under a pure and perfect system of representation. We want men that can stand the taunt and jeer of the "Jacks in Office," and treat it with contempt, alike with the hypocrisy and fawning manner of the affectedly religious principal. We want a few men that can unite with the necessary honesty and resistance to temptation, a resolution to make public every abuse they might meet. And where is this to be done as effectually as in the House itself. It has been observed, that if such persons were in the House, there would be a combination with the proprietors of newspapers to prevent any thing that they said or did appearing in their columns: but one single newspaper would defeat all this; and should a single paper publish this, it would be eagerly sought after, as all suppressed matter is sure to be. It then rests entirely with a few electors, determining to be honest to themselves. The few men that could be found to be useful in the House at present, must possess the highest degree of courage and the utmost contempt for the majority of that House, in consequence of the manner in which they are brought there. Their language would of course be something like the following. "The Honourable Member for Old Sarum, who has made these observations, cannot be said to possess even a feeling of his own, he is the mere creature of the patron who has sent him here, and it would disgrace a legislative assembly to be influenced by any argument that proceeds from so corrupt a source." Again, if any member who is known to be returned by treasury money or influence, should dare to offer his sentiments to the House, he must be answered in the following: "The last member who has addressed you, Mr. Speaker, is known to be the mere hireling of the ministers; he affects to represent the Borough of Tiverton, where the return is made by the mayor and a few members of the corporation, at the appointment of the Minister. Such a member is the representative of nothing but the corruptions of the administration, and shall he dare to raise his voice in a matter of legislation for the whole country." It is not until we can find men that will use language of this nature in the House, and that would persevere in it night after night, in spite of all opposition, that any thing like shame can be produced there. It is more than probable that this was Horne Tooke's intention, although he himself represented Old Sarum. It matters not what place or hovel such men represent, as their object is exposure,

and not legislation. Horne Tooke was rejected on the ground of his having previously taken Holy Orders, although not then an acting Clergyman. The Clergy may at least boast of having produced one honest man.

Although there does not appear any immediate advantage of importance to be gained by returning such men to the House, yet its good effects would soon begin to display themselves; for instance, the whole press of the country would find it necessary to occupy its columns with matter similar to that which has gone forth in the cheap publications, which the Boroughmongers found necessary to put down, to preserve themselves a little longer. An honest man in the House might produce ten times the effect to what he could with his pen out of the House, whatever might be his abilities. We find that the speeches delivered at public meetings produce a stronger feeling and sympathy than the same sentiments would if they had been put to paper privately.

At least, a few such men as I have pointed out, would deter ministers from practising many of those dirty actions, which they are now allowed to do with impunity. The country would soon begin to look up to them as their "natural leaders," and a system of union and co-operation would commence, different from any thing that has ever yet appeared. It has been the invariable practice and policy of the British Government to assign and keep such men as leaders to the Opposition, in whom no trust could be placed, and who were at all times ready and eager to grasp the emoluments of office. Thus the people have always had a blind guide or none at all. But now, since the press has made known the whole trickery and machinery of the British administration, it becomes our duty at least to endeavour to counteract its corrupt and destructive influence. Every attempt should be made, however far it may fall short of being effectual. Our exertions should increase with the increase of our dangers and distresses, and we should not allow ourselves to be intimidated by threat or action.

Another advantage will now always ensue from a general election, that it will much resemble the *Saturnalia* among the Romans, when the slaves of England will have an opportunity of expressing their sentiments, without the fear of imprisonment, of transportation, or of death. We might now wish for the frequent recurrence of such circumstances as will occasion general elections, for the purpose of as often rekindling the dying embers of patriotism. Besides it has a strong tendency of breaking that haughty distance, which

the Aristocracy of this country displays towards the Democracy, when they have nothing to ask from them. Other benefits of general elections are, that they tend to feed the hungry in many instances, and at least scatter a great deal of money among the tradesmen of the country, when the candidates do not neglect to pay their bills. We know that contested county elections are apt to shake the purses of candidates almost empty, and no one needs pity any man that is rogue or fool enough to spend his fortune to join such an assembly. We are well aware of the object in view on such occasions, a six year's parliament will well repay those who side with the minister and finger some of the secret service money, besides the immense patronage they possess of influencing the distribution of places in their respective counties. A county member possesses more influence in his county than the Lord Lieutenant, provided, as I before observed, he supports the minister without reserve. In those counties where light-houses are erected on the coast, the rental of them is offered to the county member, at a mere nominal rent, and he derives a considerable revenue from them. So that it is not patriotism that induces those gentlemen to squander so many thousands to carry a county election, they often recover both principal and interest if there are five or six sessions of the parliament. My call at present is on those electors who have the means to return, not what are commonly called independent members, for all candidates and all electors are independent, according to their several professions, but such men as are known to possess a deep-rooted hatred towards the present system of legislation, and a determination to thwart it in every instance. Electors, shew your importance.

R. CARLILE.

Dorchester Gaol, February 7th, 1820.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPUBLICAN.

SIR,

THE Committee of Management of the Metropolitan Reformers, respectfully request you will insert the following Address (written by a gentleman on the Committee) in your *Republican*, which, from its extensive circulation, will convey the sentiments of the London Reformers to their brethren in every town throughout the United Kingdom.

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

To the Reformers of South, North, and West Britain.

ENSLAVED COUNTRYMEN,

EVERY man who possesses a particle of reason, who is not absolutely stupid or infatuated, finds his mind agitated with real alarm at the present state of the country. Before the cursed paper system had developed itself—before its fluctuations had destroyed all confidence, and its diminution had produced universal embarrassment,—in truth, while Englishmen could keep body and soul together, and were not literally starving to death in a land of plenty, it was very difficult, almost impossible, to produce belief that the warnings of reason were either more or less than the ravings of madness, or the croakings of discontent. Every man who predicted the evils which are now fallen upon us was a jacobin; he who saw the poison of corruption spreading in the veins of the body politic, and prescribed the only efficient remedy—Reform, was either despised for his credulity, or persecuted for his imputed calumnies. Time, that able logician, has, however, succeeded in convincing the most stultified blockhead that the principles of revolution were, in fact, really working their effects, and that although the process advanced with little noise or external show, its result was certain. The complexion of the consumptive state, though occasion sometimes blanched his cheek, generally preserved a fevered ruby; and the flow of spirits which an unnatural excitement sometimes discovered in smiles, was, to the eye of reflection, only a proof of the incurability of the disease. Even these deceptive symptoms, these treacherous gaities, have now disappeared. There is scarcely a member of the diseased carcase but droops and exhibits all the tokens of incipient mortality. “The whole head is sick—the whole heart is faint.” Our streets are the promenade of beggars or thieves; and the poverty of the one class, and the dishonesty of the other, have been in due proportion created, as the system of war, corruption, and misrepresentation, proceeded in its dire and destructive progress.

For years the poverty of the country was only known by the increase of the poor-rates. The wretches who could not find employment or bread, after many unsuccessful efforts to overcome the shame of depauperizing themselves, at length yielded to the pains of hunger, and ranked themselves among the class of English Helots, who had resigned all

their political rights, and became slaves in a workhouse; tributary to their more fortunate masters.

The consequence was the rapid increase of our poor-levies, which took from the middle class (still numerous and respectable) a portion of the fruits of their labour; and so long as this addition was tolerable the middle class made no complaint. But those who stood on the verge which bounded the two classes of the community, the payers and the payees, were one after another tumbling into the gulph of pauperism, and in proportion as the numbers of the later augmented, the former diminished. The family of dependents now rapidly swells. Still the unnatural stimulus furnished by a perpetually augmenting circulating medium, produced such immense stocks of every species of agriculture and manufacture, that, notwithstanding their disproportionate distribution, and their consistence more of articles of luxury than of necessity or comfort, still allowed the middle ranks of society to exist, to eat and drink, and furnish themselves with decent apparel. But an air of thrift was visible, both in the economy of the kitchen and wardrobe. The coat looks very well brushed, and not absolutely shabby; though in general black, it seems a little tinged with the brown hue of autumn. To lay up for a season of necessity was impossible; it was management which enabled the hitherto respectable tradesman, to keep up such an appearance, as should not betray to the eye of a Public, made inquisitive by their poverty, the fatal secret of "altered times." When a man is forced to become thrifty he begins, if possible, upon others. His economy displays itself as a master, in diminishing the wages of his servant, rather than his own profits; "John," says he, "can bear a little pinching better than me." Thus the necessity of a tradesman makes him an oppressor, and as that necessity increases, the practice enforces the habit, and nothing arrests the progress of this system of perpetual *docking*, either in wages or prices, but an arrival at the minimum—the natural and absolute necessities—the daily bread of the poor labourers,—not a *sufficiency* to allay the pains of a craving *hunger*, which plenty once satisfied to the full,—but enough to keep the animal machine moving: the engine was supplied with just a sufficient quantity of power to overcome the friction of the various wheels, rollers, &c. but beyond that there was almost a complete lack of energy. The incarnation of the man gradually dwindled into an unsubstantial spirituality; "we saw men as ghosts walking." Thus was the once active and healthy labourer

degraded. Thus was the honourable source of subsistence by his own efforts dried up. What is he to do? He never applied for parish assistance. What! become a pauper? What! wear a badge? The question is soon settled,—his children are weeping for food—the breast of his wife is dried up, and its infant dependent is dwindled for want; their eyes stare with all the eagerness of voracity—they look intently upon him. What is he to do? Shame gives way to social affection and the fear of actual death. He applies to the workhouse, with some difficulty suppresses his emotion during the severe and taunting scrutiny of the overseers—he is fairly entered on the list of legal beggars—his children are some *born*, and others *reared* paupers—they become used to a life of degradation—they live by a charity which is so grudgingly administered as to excite no gratitude—they consider themselves entitled to relief as an hereditary right—they live at length by choice in the character of paupers—they are demoralized and degraded themselves, and they beget children in their own moral and corporeal image.

Such are the dreadful consequences of pauperism, which by its multiplication of dependant poor, has brought a system of refined benevolence into hatred. The great body of the community is rapidly degenerating into this helpless, soulless, spiritless, and honourless condition. The superior classes are falling into the same gulph of wretchedness and ignominy; the aristocracy is daily diminishing in number, and soon will the picture, so disgusting to the bosom glowing with the sacred fire of Freedom and independence, of the *many slaves* and a *few masters*, present itself in every part of this devoted country.

But here another object presents itself, upon which we ought to fix our attention, and against which every energy of our nature should be arrayed. What is the original cause of that poverty which now characterizes this once opulent country. To this may be replied, a **SYSTEM OF TAXATION**, which has now for many years been increasing. Thus, by the agency of an infernal paper currency, has pauperism been increasing in exact proportion as the poor rates have increased. *Taxation* is the *father*, the *paper system* the *mother*, and *pauperism* is the *offspring* of their union. *Taxation*, created and supported by the Boroughmongers, is the root of all the worse than Egyptian plagues with which poor Old England is afflicted.

Let us, then, boldly unite in firm phalanx against this demon, this detestable faction; it is the Borough villains,

the grasping and greedy, corrupt and cruel Borough villains, who have blasted the fairest country in the world, and reduced what was a paradise to a desert filled with beasts of prey, with robbers, and murderers.

Such is the present state of this once happy kingdom. The enlightened politician feels that a horrid convulsion is approaching. Clouds and darkness hang over the destiny of our native land; no one can predict what that destiny will be—it is a *crisis*, a dreadful *crisis*. Death, or revival and restoration to health, is the speedy issue. The most sagacious are confounded—the most moderate are roused—the most bold are alarmed. The political hemisphere is in a state of horrid conflict—the waves of violent passions are beating and bursting upon the rickety vessel of the State—the crew are alarmed—they are firing signals of distress—the heavens from above frown—they are clothed with black thick clouds, whose malignant aspect is occasionally discovered by the sheets of lightning that for a moment give livid glare to the scene, and form a horrid contrast to the Egyptian gloom which instantly succeeds. The yawning deep threatens—the pilot is in despair, and nothing short of a miracle can keep this mere bulk afloat: but the Great Ruler of human events, he who sits at the helm of the creation, can bid the storm become a calm, and can waft the sinking vessel into the harbour of Reform. This is the last and only hope. If she fail to reach this harbour, no human power can save her; but, amidst the boiling of the waves and the blowing of the winds, to the bottom she must go without redemption.

E. E.

A LETTER TO CHARLES PHILLIPS,

Upon his late Speech at the Mansion-House Biblemonger Meeting.

SIR,

AT the late Meeting of the London Biblemonger Society, at the Mansion-House, when you stepped forward in your oratorical character, you thought proper to apologize for your singular obtrusion, by catching at a vague allusion to the Irish residing in London, and affecting to feel yourself thereby called upon to express the opinions of a great body of your countrymen. I, Sir, being one of the individuals thus cruelly slandered, shall offer no apology for briefly reviewing your gaudy speech, if only to shew that some at least of your countrymen, however they may admire your former efforts, reject the ravings of your two last *phillippies* with contempt and abhorrence.

In addressing Charles Phillips in his newly-assumed character of

a self-elected champion of religious bigotry and intolerance, I cannot forget that he is a man of surprising *fanciful* powers ; and that however impotent his epigramic darts may be when opposed by the ægis of common sense, yet, when hurled against the battered shield of corruption, they are terrible indeed. How could you, Sir, abandon the proud eminence to which your exertions in the cause of the oppressed and injured had raised you, to mingle with a herd of priests and hypocrites, whose religion is selfishness, whose zeal is persecution, and the fruits of whose *charity* are the dungeon and the workhouse ? Look at the present desolation of this once flourishing country,—at her thousands and tens of thousands literally famishing for food ; then, Sir, turn to the fat paunches and wine-flushed faces of your Mansion-House clients—count over their *reverend* names subjoined to vengeance-breathing “declarations” against their helpless flocks, and ask yourself if these be the followers of Him, the essence of whose doctrine was peace and good-will towards men, and who taught that religious perfection was, to “*sell all that thou hast, and give it to the poor.*”

I shall now, Sir, perform the unpleasant task of going through your “Speech,” and glancing at those absurdities which are at all within the scope of rationality. Several passages are completely beyond the grasp of common sense, and resemble the fleeting-soap-bubbles of the school-boy’s pipe,—the same glance that admires their brilliancy, detects their nothingness.

You are reported, Sir, to have commenced as follows :—

“May it please your Lordship.—Ladies and Gentlemen,—although I have not had the honour of being selected to propose any resolution, yet, as a native of that country to which your Report alludes, I beg leave to say a few words, as expressive of the opinions of a great body of my countrymen. Indeed, my Lord, when we see the omens which every day produces—when we see blasphemy openly avowed—when we see the Scriptures audaciously ridiculed—when in this Christian monarchy the den of the Republican and the Deist yawns for the unwary in your most public thoroughfares—when marts are ostentatiously opened where the moral poison may be purchased, whose subtle venom enters the very soul—when infidelity has become an article of commerce, and man’s perdition may be cheapened at the stall of every pedlar,—no friend of society should continue silent. It is no longer a question of political privilege—of sectarian controversy—of theological discussion ; it is become a question whether Christianity itself shall stand, or whether we shall let go the firm anchor of our faith, and drift, without chart, or helm, or compass, into the shoreless ocean of impiety and blood. I despise as much as any man the whine of bigotry ; I will go as far as any man for rational liberty ; but I will not depose my God to deify the infidel, or tear in pieces the charter of the state, and grope for a constitution amongst the murky pigeon-holes of every creedless, lawless, intoxicated regicide.”

Were this frothy exordium the ebullition of a mind heated by the

inflammatory harangues of the *Reverend* fanatics who preceded you, I should from my soul pity the feelings with which you must in cooler moments have reviewed it. It is not worth while to notice the tautology of your "*whens*," although this knack of spinning out a thought forms no mean part of the eloquence of Mr. Phillips; but it may be remarked, that if those "*marts*" which alarm you so much be "*ostentatiously*" opened in the most *public streets*, they cannot be the "*unwary*" who walk into them, their notoriety being such that the most heedless believer must know the precise spot at which he should avert his pious eyes, and thus avoid the bare sight of the "*Temple of Reason*," and the numerous offerings placed therein.

Your assertion that deistical works may be had at every pedlar's stall, is notoriously false. Previous even to Mr. Carlile's conviction, the "*Age of Reason*" and the "*Deist*" could be procured *only* at the "*Temple of Reason*." Had you been boasting of the flourishing state of the Biblemongers' trade, you might correctly have said, "*that faith had become an article of commerce, and man's salvation might be cheapened at every pedlar's stall.*" Any person who casts his eye upon these humble altars of intellect, can bear witness to the *swarming* of the *sacred volumes* thereon; and whether this overflow of the means of grace be an evidence of the demand for, or the contempt of those means, the fact of their abundance is indisputable.

"*It is no longer a question of political privilege.*" It will on the contrary, appear to many a question of the very highest political import, whether or not we are to be allowed to freely discuss the authority and tendency of dogmas, which all parties allow to be so intimately blended with the well-being of society. That it is not a question of sectarian controversy is true; but how can any man, aware of the received meaning of words, say that it is not a question of *theological* discussion! What is Christianity but a system of theology? and is not the enquiry whether its origin be divine, and its doctrines beneficial, in the strictest sense of the word, a *theological* question? The figure of drifting without chart or helm, &c. is merely used to round off the period; but to do this, you should not stoop to pick up a part of the jargon that has been thrown up by our hackney Orators, Priests and Laymen, for the last twenty years.

You *despise* as much as any man the *whine of bigotry*: indeed, Mr. Phillips, were this true, you might dispute the palm of humility with him who modestly proclaims himself the *meekest* man that ever lived! Unless, indeed, you should please to evade the honour by pleading that though you may have momentarily drooped into the bigot's whine, you have as quickly soared into his sublimest denunciations!

"When I saw the other day, my Lord, the chief Bacchanal of their orgies—the man with whom the Apostles were cheats, and the Prophets liars, and Jesus an impostor, on his trial in Guildhall, withering hour after hour with the most horrid blasphemies, surrounded by the votaries of every sect, and the heads of every faith, the Christian Archbishop, the Jewish Rabbi, the men most eminent for their piety

and their learning, whom he had purposely collected to hear his infidel ridicule of all they revered; when I saw him raise the Holy Bible in one hand, and the *Age of Reason* in the other—as it were, confronting the Almighty with a rebel fiend, till the pious Judge grew pale, and the patient Jury interposed, and the self-convicted wretch himself, after having raved away all his original impiety, was reduced himself into a mere machine for the re-production of the ribald blasphemy of others, I could not help exclaiming “Unfortunate man, if all your impracticable madness could be realized, what would you give us in exchange for our establishments?—what would you substitute for that august tribunal?—for whom would you displace that independent Judge, and that impartial Jury? Or would you really burn the Gospel, and erase the statutes, for the dreadful equivalent of the Crucifix and the Guillotine? Indeed, if I was asked for a practical panegyric on our constitution, I would adduce the very trial of that criminal; and if the legal annals of any country upon earth furnish an instance, not merely of such justice, but of such patience, such forbearance, such almost culpable indulgence, I will concede to him the triumph.”

This, Sir, is perhaps the most reprehensible passage of your inflammatory harangue. It contains a gross and palpable misrepresentation of the motives and conduct of an individual, such as an honourable mind would shrink from giving utterance to, under any circumstances of the individual alluded to. How then is the calumny deepened by being sent forth while Mr. Carlile lay at the mercy of a tribunal, the vengeance of which was certain to be proportioned to the degree of sympathy or hostility towards its victim, that may exist in the public mind. Mr. Carlile is transformed into a *drunken* High Priest of a *drunken* band of lawless *King-killers*! Had this absurd simile been applied to an infatuated Priest of Johanna Southcott; or had Mr. Phillips even dubbed himself the chief Bacchanal of the Bible fanatics, though the figure would still have been rather overstrained, it would have had some ground of resemblance to rest upon: but to apply an epithet expressive of the highest pitch of mental delirium to a man who rejects every species of enthusiasm—who never appeals to the passions, and always to the common sense of his hearers or readers, was really a license, which even in Mr. Phillips, though a *poet* and *lawyer*, was yet most unwarrantable.

When you composed the passage above transcribed, in your closet, or perused it in the public prints, you must have laughed heartily at your ludicrous conceit of the pious Judge “*growing pale!*” as well as at your ironical praise of the “*impartial*” Jury. Yet you consider Mr. Carlile to have been shewn a *culpable indulgence*, although finally prevented from making his defence; consequently you ought to approve of the proceedings of the Spanish Inquisition heretofore adopted against any one daring to doubt the infallibility of the followers of their holy faith. I agree with you in thinking that such a line of conduct would be more consistent with the *spirit* which instigated the prosecution, than the late mockery of the free and impartial investigation of a British Court of Justice.

You compare Mr. Carlile's holding up the Bible in one hand, and the "Age of Reason" in the other, to his *confronting* the *Almighty* with a *rebel fiend*! It is needless to remark upon the indecency of making a bundle of paper enveloped in sheep's-skin, to represent the Almighty, even the Almighty of Mr. Phillips; but THOMAS PAINE, to whose pen more, perhaps, than to the sword of Washington, America owes her independence—the cherished friend of Franklin, Washington, and La Fayette—the disinterested, dispassionate apostle of universal liberty—the gratefully-chosen representative of an enfranchised people, anxious to prove their sense of his integrity and wisdom,—is this a man to be branded as a fiend, by the flippant tongue of a gaudy declaimer, while his dignified defence of the divine gift of reason against the insulting impositions of priestcraft is impiously construed into *rebellion* against the Great Author of Nature!

Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

P. D. ELMOUR.

(To be concluded.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPUBLICAN.

SIR,

Covent Garden, 1820.

BE so kind as to transmit the enclosed One Pound note, which I consider as due (with much more could I afford it) to Mr. Carlile for his manly, intrepid, and, I believe, conscientious defence of Deism; which conduct justly entitles him to the firm support of every liberal and thinking mind; but more especially of those persons whose principles he so firmly and fearlessly advocated, and whose number I am persuaded is more than sufficient to place him in an enviable situation, as far as money can do it, did they but perform their duty with half the spirit and magnanimity with which he resigned his freedom in the cause of truth and reason, and thereby evinced an unconquered and unconquerable spirit, which could not be bribed by promises nor intimidated by threats. I shall always feel myself indebted to him for the inward satisfaction which I feel, since my mind is relieved from a state of doubt as to the truth or falsehood of those books called divine, by the perusal of works, for the publication of which he is doomed to suffer imprisonment and fine, for no other purpose than the support of that Church which could not support itself, though said to be "under divine protection."

I remain, your's, &c. A DEIST.

A Deist.....£1.

ON THE PREY OF ANIMALS.

THE question, with the request of an answer, having been put to me by a much esteemed friend, "Why God allows

one animal to prey upon another?" I shall attempt to make a few observations as *apropos* to this subject. We are first to consider the question, "Why God allows?" This first part of the sentence is an assumption that becomes a bar to the answer of the question, because, it admits that God does allow one animal to prey on another, or the stronger on the weaker. This admission, which makes a part of all religious creeds, even of the Deists in general, although it is no part of mine, must be dispensed with in any observations on this question. I must admit that the Atheist is the only character that can take up and defend his opinions on this subject, to the full extent of the reasoning power, in a truly philosophical manner. However I shall attempt to shew my own opinions on the subject whatever construction might be put upon them. I have before asserted, that there is one uniform condition in the whole animal and vegetable world, namely, that it produces its own species and then perishes, and so on *ad infinitum*. The first cause of each of the several distinct species is beyond the reach of man's knowledge, we find that we can vary them in many instances by mingling the male of one with the female of another species: but we can in no instance, reproduce any animal or vegetable property without the necessary *semen* and usual course of nature.

Strong arguments might be brought up here both for and against the existence of the Deity on this very head; but I shall not introduce any thing of the kind here, being quite satisfied myself to drop that which I cannot comprehend, and which I know to be beyond the comprehension of any human being. The argument I intend to propose from the few observations now made on this subject is, that we have no ground of presumption of any supreme or even supernatural power interesting itself about the existence or non-existence of any animal or vegetable substance on the orb we inhabit; and as we cannot attempt to look beyond this orb to examine any other, whether it is similar or different in its produce and inhabitants, we must rest contented with the knowledge that an infinity of such orbs do exist, all apparently governed by the same unerring laws: and we might further presume, that in consequence of their external appearances being similar, they produce similar living substances. The nervous and sensitive mind feels shocked at the sight of one animal preying upon another, because it knows that the body cannot be mangled, and the life destroyed, without inflicting severe pain, and because it does not presume that any animal has a priority of claim to existence. It is admitted on all hands, that self-preservation is

the first law of nature, and hence we might draw an argument, that if any animal is naturally carnivorous, and that animal food is essential to its existence, it could not preserve that existence without preying on other living animals. We know that man, although he be in common a carnivorous animal, can exist without it; and we have presumptive evidence, that he would live longer and more free from pain on a diet purely vegetable. But what are we to think of the more apparent natural rapacity of the lion, the tiger, and the cat? Although a cat might be trained from its birth to vegetable diet, yet its natural disposition would induce it to prey on certain animal substances, particularly those to whose appearance it was a stranger. It appears to be beyond the power of man to tame the beasts of the forest in general; therefore we must draw this inference, that in their natural state they are carnivorous, and that a prey of the stronger on the weaker animal is essential to their preservation of life. Again, what are we to think of those human beings we term cannibals? We know that they exist; we also know that certain other animals will prey upon their own species, but not generally. There are kings and rulers again, who delight in nothing so much as blood, war, and havock; those, in the eye of the philanthropist, are quite as odious and inhuman as the cannibal, although it appears that Christians generally do not think so.

The only excuse that can be offered for the prey of one animal on another is, that there appears to be some instances where it is essential to self-preservation, which every human being with its natural faculties will pronounce to be the first law of nature. But I would ask my friend who has put this question to me, whether she does not perceive herself, that she is constantly preying on a variety of animals, such as the ox, the sheep, the hog, and the fowl, besides fish. Where is the difference, whether an animal seizes and destroys for itself, or hires another by a reward to do it, or at least to deprive the animal of life. Yet I am convinced by experience, that among her own species, and even her own domestic animals, she is the most tender and benevolent being that it is possible for human nature to put on. I am also convinced that she possesses all those virtues and amiable dispositions that are so desirable in a wife and a friend. Then I would ask her, how is the anomaly in nature to be accounted for? Is not nature its own protectress? Has she any power that is supernatural to controul her? I cannot perceive it, and in consequence do not believe it. I have resolved for myself to pass through life seeking all the pleasure possible, that

can be found unalloyed with pain, and studiously avoiding to give pain to any of my fellow-creatures beyond the rule of necessity. I make no vow of any thing. I can use animal food, or I can be comfortable without it. I have not tasted any for the last six weeks, although I have the means and the opportunity, if I were inclined to waste my own time in cooking it. But being locked up from all intercourse with fellow-prisoners, I neglect to do that, which perhaps I may feel inclined to do, provided I could employ some person better skilled in the arts of cookery to prepare my food for me. I find my health, so far, quite as good without it, perhaps better, whilst my exercise is confined to the walls of a room.

R. CARLILE.

Dorchester Gaol, Feb. 9th 1820.

TO THE FARMERS.

If the beverage from *Roasted Wheat* were used instead of TEA and COFFEE, it would require *nine millions of bushels of wheat*, which would require *four hundred and fifty thousand acres of land*, and would give employment to about *one hundred and twenty thousand people*.—Now what do the farmers think of the plans of the RADICALS? Are they not more wise and less “*wild and visionary*” than those of the stock-jobbers, and those of the farmers themselves? Would not this be better than “*digging holes one day and filling them up the next.*”

Cobbett's Evening Post.

It is of the greatest importance to impress this on the minds of those who are inimical to the present system of government, which finds its support in a great measure, in the excise laws, by the taxation of every article that is used as food. To make a beverage of *Hay* instead of the China Tea, or of *Roasted Wheat* instead of Coffee, is not like the acts of the fanatics, who inflict every species of debasement and self-mortification on their bodies for the benefit of their souls. Those articles will be found equally nourishing to those they substitute, and equally agreeable.—EDITOR.

TO MR. CARLILE.

SIR,

Feb. 5, 1820.

In perusing your animadversions appertaining to your trial, I perceive you call the Judge “wily and subtle;”—think of my surprise, when it darted into my head whilst I stood and heard in the Court of King's Bench, just previous to Christmas, from the same person, in a trial for the alledged infringement of a patent gun, or rather gun-lock. On that trial, Sir, which was “Forsyth against

Hall," when Hall's witnesses had completely proved that the plaintiff's was an air-tight principle of gunnery, and defendant's a ventilated one:—that plaintiff laid his principal merit and stress on it being air-tight, and that in consequence of its being so, the gun shot much weaker than a common flint gun—and that defendant's, in consequence of its being ventilated, shot equal to the flint gun.—Now, would you believe it, Sir, that either from your deistical attack, or from some other unknown imperfection in his sensorium, he really cannot now distinguish between two opposite principles in mechanics; no, not even when their different effects were positively proved, he at once declared it to be his opinion, that it made no great difference whether a gun shot strong or weak! and so completely incoherent has he got, that when Hall's witnesses proved that grease was needful and indispensable for the working the magazine, and that the plaintiff had left it out of his specification, although he knew previously that it could not be done without; his answer to this was, that every one knew that a coach wheel wanted grease—and then turned himself to the Jury, as though he wished them to admire his wit! There is also something rather singular in the idea, that, Gunnery * being the question, the plaintiff should be a Parson, and Hall, the defendant, brought up a Quaker.

Now, Sir, I think this information ought to convince you, it is possible that a Gentleman of the Law may as easily misconceive his religious duty for want of intellect as for want of honesty; and that he really might be so far mistaken, as to believe, that paper, with certain words placed thereon, transubstantiated and thereby become God himself; it is just as reasonable, as that, by smattering a few words over bread and wine, the same shall be made to act on the human frame spiritually; and it is one and the same as that, by saying a few words at the eating of a wafer, that wafer becomes Christ;—the only difference is, that, in the first instance, the words are placed on the paper by type, and, in the latter, they proceed from the mouth of man; taking that for granted, you must allow that you have blasphemed his God. Really, Sir, you cannot be much surprised that an ink and paper God should be worshipped by a Scribe, as an ancient Republican has this expression—“*where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.*”—What I fear most is, that he has hurt his intellect in striving to overcome such strong reasoners as yourself; for, I observed on that trial, he attempted the threefold part of Judge, Counsel, and Jury. I do not attribute any bad intention to a person so elevated in rank and so religiously inclined, for I understand he attends his religious duty pretty regular; therefore, Sir, his intentions ought not to be doubted.

Your constant Reader,—TELEMACHUS.

* All the inventions of destructive weapons and even gunpowder have been the product of Christian Priests. Even the late Bishop Watson turned his attention to the strengthening of gunpowder, and was complimented by his late Majesty on the occasion in the following words “that the sharper the conflict the sooner it would be over,” and further, “that such an invention was not unworthy a Christian Bishop.”